



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

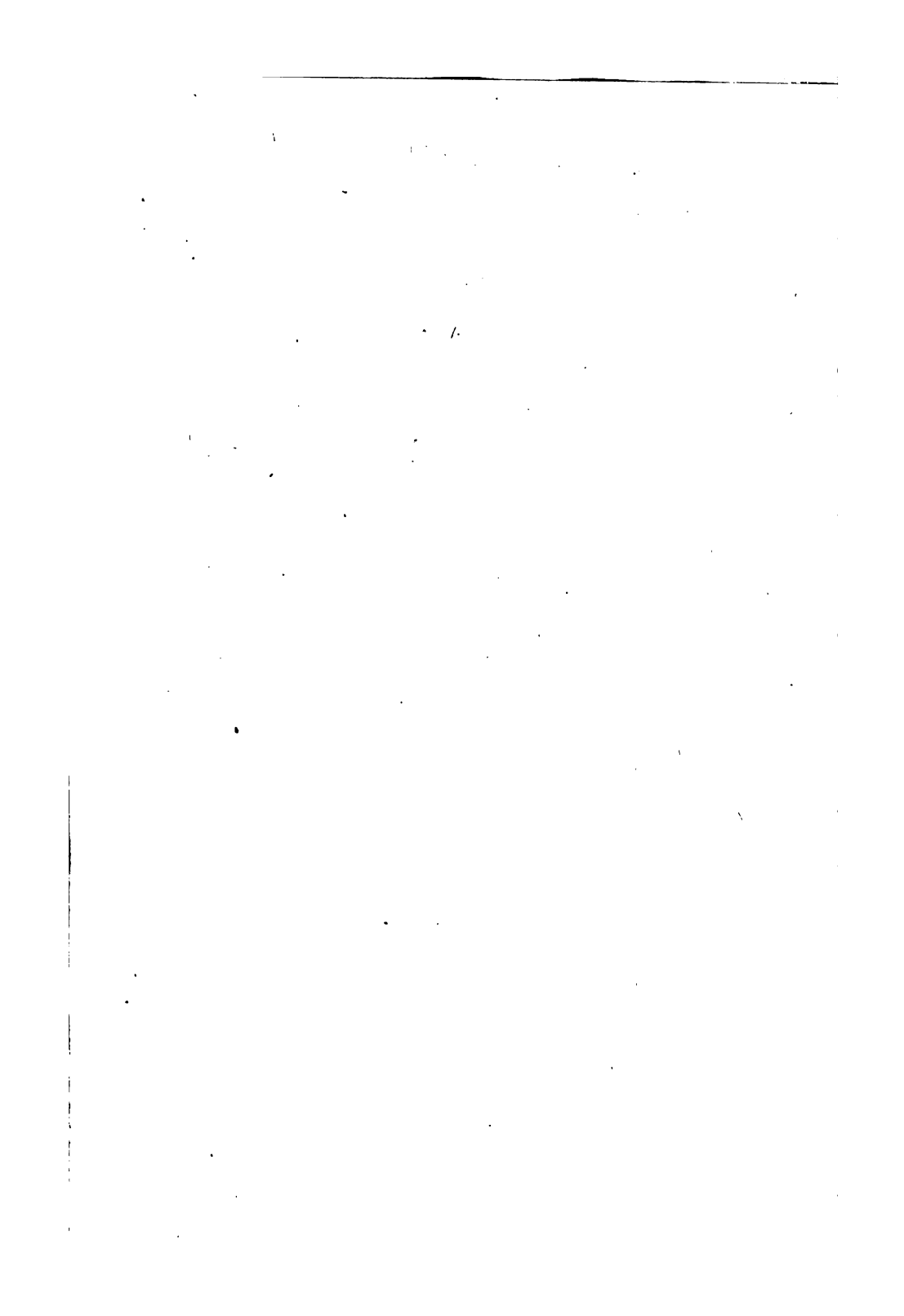
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Oct. 1904

OL



Biog

4100

0

P192

THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

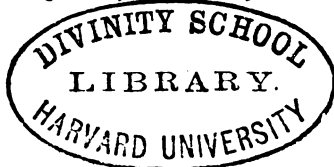
A LECTURE.

Ed. & Davis

By C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

Printed, not Published.



BOSTON:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

1870.

Theological School

IN CAMBRIDGE.

~~K. G.~~

Received

C
King
Bradford

THE
LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER
OF
REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

I WOULD speak of the Life, Writings, and Character of Thomas Starr King; a man with whose splendid career we are all somewhat acquainted, and whose loss we none of us can cease to deplore.

Mr. King was born in the city of New York, Dec. 17, 1824. He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Farrington King, who, soon after his son's birth, became the pastor of a church in Hudson, New York. Of his father every one speaks in the highest terms; he is remembered as a man of great pulpit power, and of considerable scholarship, in all the places where he was settled.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise;"

whilst his early death called forth great lamentation, not only from his immediate friends amongst the Universalists, but from people of all denominations who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the infant Starr was bathed in a holy atmosphere as soon as he entered the world; and the unconscious tuition that he received in childhood must have been immense. How his

father's prayers must have wakened in him the spirit of inspiration! How his father's sermons must have stirred in his heart the fire of eloquence! How his father's counsels must have roused in him high purposes, lofty desires, and a sacred enthusiasm!

He spent four years in Hudson, where Nature herself wears a garb of beauty, and is a silent educator to the waiting soul. And as the State of New York stands as the Empire State of our Union, is there not a reason of congratulation that he who was to become an imperial mind was one of her sons, and spent those years, when impression is so great a teacher, in just the place best calculated to develop thought and wonder?

In 1828 his parents moved to Portsmouth, N. H., that beautiful city so attractive in its blending of nature with art, where a joyous quiet, or a holy activity, can be so easily obtained. Here he remained six years. Rev. Mr. Fernald, who was a student in the family at the time, writes to me that the young boy grew rapidly in knowledge; was spoken of as very precocious; studied French and Latin, and was in all ways quite bright.

From Portsmouth the family moved to Charlestown, Mass., when Starr was eleven years old. Here, under the tuition of those excellent teachers, Wm. D. Swan and Joshua Bates, — gentlemen who have trained hundreds of noble young men, and who certainly must reap a sacred joy as they gaze at so much rich fruit springing out of their earnest labors, — here, under the twin power of these good men, the young King rapidly increased in wisdom and in goodness, becoming the pride of his parents, the marked pupil of the school, and was held in high honor amongst all who knew him. We pass over his experience in a dry-goods store; his early engagement as a teacher in Charlestown, in the very school where he was educated, and his pre-eminent success; his engagement at Medford

as schoolmaster, and the theological studies he pursued with Dr. Ballou; the death of his father, with the new strain upon his heart and efforts that this trial made, — to his engagement as a clerk in the Charlestown Navy Yard, in 1843.

We must remember that, up to this time, he was busy with books all the spare hours he could obtain, and that he became quite an adept in the arts and sciences. He sketched, one winter, the lectures of Dr. Walker that were delivered at the Lowell Institute; which sketches he placed in my hands at my request, whilst he was preaching in Hollis Street, and I read them with wonder at their accuracy, and with admiration for the reporter.

In this office under Government he gave great satisfaction; always prompt, exact, and attractive. Whilst here, and when about nineteen years old, he was asked one day to preach. I will give the account of the transaction, as nearly as I can, as he related it to me in his joyous way. He said: —

“One day a Committee of a neighboring parish called upon me, and asked me to supply their pulpit the following Sabbath, as their pastor was sick. They said that they had heard me speak at Conference Meetings, and that they desired to hear my voice in the pulpit. I replied, ‘I cannot think of doing it: I never preached in my life.’ They urged, entreated, plead hard, and finally got my consent, on one condition, — that not a word should be said to my mother. So, all the week, in my leisure moments, I put my thoughts on paper, and by Saturday night I was ready. On Sunday morning I said to mother, ‘Mother, I am going out of town to-day, and shall not return till night.’ A few days afterwards, when entering the house, mother exclaimed, ‘Starr, you went off to preach last Sunday: somebody, who heard and liked you, has been here to tell me.’ From that time,” said Mr. King, “I was employed nearly every Sabbath, till my call to the Charlestown pulpit, when twenty-one years old.”

The call to the Charlestown parish he accepted, and remained there two years, with perfect satisfaction to his people and with great credit to himself. He received several calls to other parishes at this time; wrote his first Lecture on Goethe, and became quite well known as a gifted writer and speaker.

It was whilst Mr. King was at Charlestown, that Dr. Bellows and Dr. Bartol became acquainted with him.

Dr. Bellows says that, in September, 1847, a slender, boyish stranger called at his door, in New York, and introduced himself by the unsuggestive name of Thomas Starr King. He says, "Against all my rules and precautions, being interested in the stranger, I invited him to preach for me the next Sunday. After much reluctance, he consented. The evening came, and we ascended the pulpit together. He conducted all the exercises; and with such perfect self-possession, earnestness and eloquence, that in a very few moments I discovered that in place of a novice, a promising young minister, we had, in those youthful proportions, a finished thinker, scholar, and master, at the altar of God. A universal surprise and admiration filled the congregation. 'Who was this boyish Chrysostom, whose vigorous thoughts ran in such minted tones through our aisles? In what Unitarian Church was he settled? When did he graduate at Harvard? When leave the Theological School at Cambridge? Which among the familiar names of our rising Eastern clergy belonged to him?' His name was King. He was no Unitarian minister at all; he had never been through any college, much less Harvard; never enjoyed the advantages of any theological school; was unknown to our clergy or people!"

Dr. Bartol says:—

"In the summer of 1848 a young man was brought by my friend Dr. Bellows for introduction at my house. He had the

golden hair and ruddy complexion and fair skin, which are thought by some to betoken an uncommonly spiritual nature. A singular modesty, gentle self-denial, and beaming good-will were in his countenance and air. The sweetness of his voice, when he spoke, added to the clear intelligence of every word; while attending the tones were looks so transparent that they served but for expression."

In the spring of 1848 Mr. King received a call to become the pastor of the Hollis-street Church, Boston. I well remember the surprise that this invitation caused among the conservative clergy and laity at the time. It was looked upon as a dangerous experiment; as rather an impeachment of the Unitarian clergy; as too high a compliment to another denomination; as unwise, unhealthy, unsound, unsafe. Mr. Henry H. Fuller, one of the committee of the Hollis-street Church, had to bear a great deal of questioning, hear a vast number of objections, and listen, I expect, to many hard speeches. But he bore it very quietly; insisted upon it that the move was a good one, and invited objectors to take a seat in his pew at any time, and hear the new minister.

Mr. King, after much hesitation, and after a voyage to Fáyal for his health, accepted the Boston call, and was installed at the Hollis-street Church in December, 1848; and was married the Sunday evening following, by Rev. Father Streeter, to Miss Julia Wiggin, of East Boston, — a young lady of rare personal attractions, and of considerable intellectual culture. One present at the council told me that the examination was a splendid justification of the call; that all who attempted to overawe Mr. King by questions of doctrine were most manfully and eloquently answered in a way that won the hearts of all present. The same person remarked that a large number of the congregation heard this day, for the first time, Dr. Chapin, of New York. All eyes, he said, were fixed on

the speaker, and it seemed as if Dr. Holley had returned to his own pulpit to electrify once more his hearers by his surpassing eloquence.

During Mr. King's ministry in Boston a wonderful success attended his steps; not that his church was overflowing; not that his hearers fully measured his excellence, — but his success came through the power he exerted upon the clergy, the respect he forced from scholars, and the admiration he invoked from philanthropists.

It was during this period that his great talents as a lecturer were made known; when "Socrates," "Substance and Show," "The Ideal and the Real," "Washington," "Patriotism," and his other brilliant lectures, were written. Now he became the great traveller over his own country, visiting large cities and little villages, and sending sunbeams everywhere. From Monday to Saturday he would be on the cars, and in lecture-rooms; and on Sunday he would enter his pulpit as fresh as if he had remained in his study all the week, and deliver a discourse that would thrill, elevate, and sanctify, the whole congregation. But this constant strain upon his body and mind wore him down; whilst opportunely, as he thought, came several calls at once for him to settle in remote parishes. "Now," he said to me, "I can rest, use material already collected, and write, at leisure moments, a book on a subject that has long interested me."

At last amongst his numerous invitations he selected San Francisco, and stated to his people, one afternoon when I had the good fortune to be present, his reasons for so doing. So far as I can remember, the reasons stated for leaving were ill-health, complete exhaustion, a desire to try the invigorating atmosphere of a new climate, a need of more financial support, and the necessity that an outside parish should secure some one well acquainted with the clergy and the churches.

He preached his last sermon to his people, March 25, 1860, and sailed for San Francisco April 5, of the same year. The journal of his voyage to the Pacific coast was handed to me by the family of his wife, and the reading of it was a rich intellectual treat. It was full of his peculiar power, and held you captive by his racy description of every thing he met, saw, endured, from the time when his baggage was lifted on board at New York, to the hour when he arrived at his new home. Nothing seemed to escape his eye, from the perversity of the servants, the insolence of a female passenger, to the glorious sunset, the wonderful atmosphere, the play of the waves, the mighty Southern Cross. So vividly does he describe his experiences, that you seem to be at his side all the time, and to pass through, yourself, the varying moods of his mind.

He was warmly greeted at his landing in San Francisco, and preached the next day after his arrival. I am fortunate in having received an account of his first Sabbath from one in San Francisco at the time. He says: "The first feeling with many, on seeing Mr. King, was disappointment; he was so diminutive, looked so young, and was so very different in outward appearance from what was expected. The crowd went to hear him out of curiosity, expecting never to go again; thinking perhaps to leave before the service was over. They entered the church timidly; with compassion it may be for the youth who was to undergo such a sharp test of his powers. They filled pews, aisles, porticoes, and the street; but when Mr. King began, there was no restlessness; his voice charmed them, and before he finished they knew that they had a great man before them." So from that day till he died was the sanctuary thronged and overflowing; and the pastor became more and more popular and pleasing. It was here that Mr. King found out what powers he pos-

essed for extemporizing, — a gift of which he never before felt conscious, but which now bloomed and blossomed into its full beauty and fragrance.

Mr. King went to California at a time well calculated to summon out all his powers. He was there from the commencement of the civil Revolution; and he gave all his brain, and all his body, to staying the tide of secession in the Golden State. He succeeded; his eloquence convinced the most sceptical, so that he had the honor of keeping the flag of his country unstained. He also dedicated himself whilst here to the comfort and aid of wounded soldiers; and by a certain magic power, as if he had the touch of a Midas, seemed to coin gold by tens of thousands for the Sanitary Commission. He investigated the natural beauties of this new State; and wrote about the glory of her trees, the height of her mountains, the wonderful expanse of her mines, the fruitfulness of her soil; ay, he spoke of every thing that constituted her attractiveness and power.

Let us pass on now to the days of his failing health, and departure. For some months he seemed feeble and overworked; talked despondingly; felt that he must resign and retreat to Europe for strength; and was troubled by bad dreams. One of these dreams has been narrated in the papers; it is as follows: "He thought he was shaving himself, and the razor, slipping, gashed his throat. Physicians who were called told him he could not live ten minutes. He argued the case with them, — holding the edges of his wound together with his hand, — telling them that the windpipe nor any of the arteries were severed, and that he could recover if they would only stop the bleeding. They said, however, it was useless, and that he must prepare to die." On Saturday, Feb. 27, 1864, he had invited a few friends to supper, but was unable to meet them, and felt so sick as to keep his bed. During supper a party

called to be married, and Mr. King asked to be excused on account of his feebleness ; but the couple said they would be married at his bedside rather than give him up. So he rose and dressed, went to the parlor and married them, and was just able to get back to his chamber, from which he never again went out alive. That marriage was made doubly sacred as his last official ministerial act.

From that moment he grew rapidly worse. His church was closed on the following Sunday, and his people went home sad, — not, however, dreading any immediate dangerous result ; trusting, too, owing to the elasticity of his constitution, that he would in time recover. On Wednesday, March 2, the disease seemed to be under control ; but the strength of the patient was almost exhausted ; he spoke but in a whisper, with seeming difficulty. On Thursday he was seized with pneumonia, and breathed with great effort. In the evening the pneumonia troubled him excessively. Dr. Eckel, his physician, at once felt that he must die. A consultation of physicians was held this day, and great fears were expressed that he could not recover. He rallied, however, Thursday night, and by use of stimulants seemed quite comfortable. About five o'clock Friday morning, March 4, a second attack of pneumonia seized him. He asked the doctor what the matter was ; and, on being told, said, "Can I survive it?" The doctor replied, "I think not." — "How long can I live, then?" "Not half an hour." — "Are you sure that I cannot live longer than that?" "I fear not." Friends then asked him if he had any thing to say ; he replied, "Yes, a great deal to say : I want first to make my will." He now spoke with great power and with his accustomed vigor. Being raised in bed, he dictated his will, commending his soul to God, and remembering in his legacies dear friends near Boston. He signed his name firmly and legibly ; and, immediately after this work was done, took leave of his friends in a touching,

heartfelt way that has been so graphically and gloriously described by his friend, Mr. Swain, that I shall give you his account as condensed in the "Universalist Quarterly:" —

"To one he said, 'Good-by, Colonel;' and, taking him with both his hands, added, 'God bless you.' 'Good-by, Sarah,' he said to a domestic; 'I thank you for all you have done for us.' To the nurse he said, 'Good-by, Kathreen, take good care of Fretzie.' He whispered to his wife, 'Be sure and tell Dr. Eckel I think he has done every thing a human agent could do.' And he said to his wife, 'Do not weep for me. I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future.' He expressed his wishes as to his manuscripts, and spoke freely of his family affairs. 'I see,' he said to another, 'a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful. I am passing away fast. My feelings are strange!' His wife asked if he had any special message to his friends at home. 'Tell them,' he said, 'I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully.' In a few moments he said, 'To-day is the fourth of March; sad news will go over the wires to-day.' The chairman of his parish committee now approached his bedside, and he said, 'Good-by, Swain; keep my memory green. I wish you to say to my Society that it is my earnest desire that they pay the debt upon the church, and not leave the burden to be carried by my successor. I would rather they would do this than erect a tombstone at my grave. Let the church, free of debt, be my monument. I want no better. Tell them these were my last words, and say good-by to all of them for me.' For a moment he was quiet, and seemed to be sleeping. 'Are you happy?' he was asked; when, turning his head, and looking at the questioner with bright, full eyes, he said, 'Yes, **HAPPY, RESIGNED, TRUSTFUL!**' He now calmly and thoughtfully repeated the twenty-third Psalm, — 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' — and with emphasis the verse, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death;' and, raising his eye and pointing with his finger, as was his custom in the pulpit, he added, 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and

Thy staff they comfort me.' His little son was now brought to his bedside. 'Dear little fellow! he is a beautiful boy,' he said; and he kissed his hand to the child as the nurse carried him away in her arms. He now passed quickly away to his God, without a struggle, or a pang."

I am not surprised at the sublimity of this death. It is no more than what I had expected of the man. His views of death and of the other world were always cheerful and attractive. He never had any fears of dying. He seemed to speak of those who had gone before almost with envy at their peculiar privileges. I remember he once said to me, "I never can feel as other people do about death;" and then he went on to speak of the glorious transition. I repeat, I was not surprised when the record of his departure came. I said to my parishioners, the Sunday after the telegram of his death reached us, — "We know but little of his closing moments: the telegram says he was conscious to the last, but the words he uttered and the thoughts he cherished are not yet revealed; yet we feel perfect confidence that there was no dread there, no rebellion against the Lord, but that he passed on, as Christian heroes should, with an illuminated countenance and with a transfigured heart." The prophecy was correct!

The news of Mr. King's death was received with great sorrow in Boston; all the papers of the day spoke of it as a calamity. A large number of the clergymen, in their discourses on the following Sabbath, made special notice of the sad fact. Some of our best writers at once offered their graceful tributes, both in prose and poetry. Meetings of commemoration were held, and there seemed to be one common lamentation. I beg leave to quote from a few amongst the many gifted articles that appeared in print.

Rev. William M. Fernald says: —

"Star of the West! thy rising and thy setting,
 Like a fair planet in the evening sky,—
 How brief the space, but, oh, how non-forgetting
 The glory, of that passing brilliancy!

"Sweet soul of love, I've watched thy early dawning
 E'en from thy childhood's pilgrimage and play,
 When first the glow and beauty of life's morning
 Gave promise of the glory of the day.

"Fair Day to us! A time of cheerful gladness,
 Continual summer, and a genial sky;
 Oh, could some genius, without shade or sadness,
 View but thy nature with thy practised eye!

"What scenes of flowing and of radiant beauty,
 Fair fields of verdure, silver-rolling streams,
 Mountains of grandeur, stern and grand as duty,
 O'er which the sunlight of the spirit gleams;—

"An inner world, — a world of pure emotion,
 With fruit and foliage, rich with golden store,
 And broad expanse of sky, and air, and ocean,
 With waves still breaking on that mystic shore."

Whittier says:—

"The great work laid upon his twoscore years
 Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
 Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
 We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
 With him whose life stands rounded and approved
 In the full growth and stature of a man.
 Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
 With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
 Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
 From thousand-masted bay, and steepled town!
 Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
 Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
 That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
 O East and West, O morn and sunset, twain
 No more for ever! — has he lived in vain
 Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
 Your bridal service from his lips of gold?"

And Butler, a young Episcopal poet, says: —

“ There is a realm of light, and fadeless glory ;
Where love is endless, and where souls are crowned ;
Where hearts are true, and beauteous is their story, —
And such a realm our friend beloved has found.

“ There lives the Master, whom his soul adored !
There is the Father, unto whom he prayed !
There is the rest, for which his heart implored ;
There is the labor, and the laborer's shade.

“ There is his work ; his bright ministration !
The worlds are open to his spirit now !
And Christ's own hands are laid in confirmation !
The dews immortal lie upon his brow.

“ Call him not dead ! He still is ours for ever !
He standeth yet upon God's holy hill ;
May we, like him, when earthly ties must sever,
Pass to the life immortal, calm and still.”

The best prose memorial upon Mr. King has been prepared by Hon. Richard Frothingham, his friend of many years ; and those desiring to read a most able, eloquent, and suggestive paper, will find the Eulogy in the July number of the “ Universalist Quarterly ;” also in a “ Memoir ” of Mr. King, by the same gifted pen. Most excellent sermons were prepared and published by Rev. Drs. Bartol and Bellows, Rev. Messrs. Brigham, Clarke, and others, which are well worth a careful reading.

California was not silent. Her orators, her jurists, all her great men spoke ; her papers were full of lamentations. One beautiful little gem appeared in the San Francisco “ Bulletin,” written by Frank Brel Harte. Allow me to repeat it : —

“ Came the Relief. ‘ What, Sentry, ho !
How passed the night through thy long waking ? ’
‘ Cold, cheerless, dark, as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking.’

“ ‘No sight, no sound?’ ‘No, nothing, save
The plover from the marshes calling;
And, in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a Star was falling.’

“ ‘A Star? There’s nothing strange in that.’
‘No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a Picket.’ ”

When we remember that Mr. King loved to call himself one of the Picket Guards on the outposts of Unitarian civilization, we shall quickly detect the beauty of the words just quoted.

The body of Mr. King had its burial, Sunday, March 6, a day long to be remembered in San Francisco for its solemnity and its grandeur. Bells were tolling; cannon was firing; the streets were crowded; flags were at half-mast; everybody looked sad, and thousands were in tears. The procession under Masonic lead passed into the church, where the pews were filled by the prominent men of the city and State; and the pulpit was empty, save that the gown of the deceased was thrown over it as a shroud. The services are thus described:—

“A voluntary was played, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;’ and then followed a pause, in which the congregation knelt in silent prayer. A responsive chant was next sung, and an anthem; after which there was another pause for silent prayer. Then a hymn was sung, and then another pause for silent prayer. A chant followed, and two hymns, after each of which was an interval of silent prayer; and the service was closed by a solemn air on the organ.”

I would now ask your attention to some description of the Writings of Rev. Mr. King. He was very much opposed to printing any thing that he composed. He seemed to have a nervous shrinking from seeing his thoughts in

type, so that we cannot wholly judge of his intellectual power from such papers of his as have been published, *good and great* as they are; for I doubt not what now remains in manuscript will surpass any thing that has yet been seen. His style of writing was very attractive; some might call it too ornate, but not too much so, I think, for a mind like his. Every word expressed clearly his thought, and conveyed the idea with considerable force to the heart of the reader. His rhetoric was melodious, chaining the attention with the admiration of all within the charm of its influence. He seemed to hold every subject he touched with a giant grasp, whilst he always endeavored to see all sides of a question, and to balance conflicting claims with a judicious and courteous thoughtfulness. I think no man has ever taken hold of the most abstruse topics with such a powerful pen, so that the most meagre thinker could be somewhat enlightened. I remember this power with great distinctness, as revealed both in his lecture on "Socrates," and on "Substance and Show;" the manuscripts of which I read in the quiet of my study, with a joyous surprise at the ease with which a great mind can handle the deepest thoughts, and make them sweet and attractive. Almost all scholars would have managed these subjects heavily, with ponderous words, with long philosophical sentences, until the reader or hearer would grow wearied and sleepy. Not so King; he chains your mind at once, and holds you till he has finished what he has to say.

I remember particularly, in "Substance and Show," a quotation of his in ridicule of those who deny material existence, that has haunted my mind ever since:—

"Bishop Berkley says there is no Matter,
And it is *no matter* what Bishop Berkley says."

And in that same lecture he ridicules men of one idea in one striking sentence: he says, "Some men tumble down

stairs on an idea, and break their head against a conclusion." As a writer he was quick, bright, up to the times; thoroughly honest, earnest, and pure. The only book he ever gave to the public is the "White Hills, their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry," the fruit of his many visits to the White Mountains, where his name is truly consecrated, and where all the rocks are his mausoleum. This book has been universally admired for its truthful description, the fascination of its rhetoric, with its inspiring suggestiveness. It is full of the writer's peculiar power. I would like to quote extensively from it, but one short sentence must suffice:—

"Is it possible, do you think, that Nature is ever conscious of human observation, and that she can change at all, can blush into rarer loveliness when an eye that has a passion for beauty studies her? I have sometimes fancied, standing on the seashore after a storm with an enthusiastic party, that the waves caught the excitement of the company, as actors feel the applause of the audience, and that they redoubled their efforts in answer to our cheers. And often it has seemed to me that the mountains know when critical and appreciative visitors come to be refreshed and invigorated by their grandeur. They will rise in apparent height, or mottle themselves with a richer complexity of hues, or select a rarer vestment from their aerial wardrobe, or look more solemn than usual, or more sublime."

Among some of the pamphlet or review publications of Mr. King, are the following:—

1. "Plato's Views of Immortality;" published in "Universalist Quarterly," Jan. 1847; written when he was twenty-two years old.
2. "Conflict of Ages;" Review of Dr. Edward Beecher, 1854; when thirty years old; published in "Quarterly," and in separate Pamphlet.
3. "Sermon at the Ordination of C. D. Bradlee," Dec. 1854.
4. "Doctrine of Endless Punishment," two Discourses, 1858.

5. "The Relation of this Life to the Next;" Tract No. 8. Lady's Publication Society: Albany, 1859. Republished in Unitarian "Monthly Journal," 1864.
6. 1860. "Review of Trinity;" in pamphlet form, and reprinted in a book called "New Discussion of the Trinity."

Several of his sermons have been printed, and various other papers that were prepared for Magazines and Quarterlies. His earliest publication was when a boy, at thirteen or fourteen: it was a sermon. His latest in the Eastern States was the farewell discourse to Hollis-street Church. In California several of his addresses were published; and one most remarkable lecture on Agriculture, which I wish might be printed for gratuitous distribution all over the United States.

Let me quote a few more brief sentences from Mr. King's writings:—

"Pitts-street Chapel Lectures," pages 365 and 366.

"We shall drop our contentions about Trinity and Unity, about free-will and constraining election, when we reach heaven. We may not understand, even to eternity, the constitution of the Infinite Personality; but alienations on account of mental measurings of substantial truth will not obtain there. There will be no reverend angels to preach on such themes as, Why am I a Calvinist, a Baptist, or an Episcopalian! But no doubt we shall still be ranged there, as here, by the sentiments to which we most naturally give utterance. And we shall see there, doubtless, what need there is of the utmost power of every party to celebrate the circle of the Divine glory; how deep is the justice, how broad the providence, how high the love, that must be acknowledged in the twined harmony of heavenly Hosannas."

"Patriotism."

Delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery; also printed in a book called "Patriotism," published by Tompkins & Co. Page 42.

"Well did our eminent statesman say, in a public address in Boston a few weeks since, 'If a man is living here who has not

an American heart in his bosom, let him tear it out.' Surely, if there is a man in this land who deliberately slights the sentiment of patriotism, and is conscious of no pride in his country as a distinct affection; no devotion to his country, no feeling of deep interest in his country, in unsettled times and shadowed hours; no impulse to sacrifice himself and all personal interest for his country's benefit, — he has a heart that needs to be waked from paralysis, and inspired with gratitude, by religion itself."

"Washington; or Greatness."

Delivered as a Fourth of July Oration; also printed in a book called "Patriotism," page 55.

"Most people love to look on a great man. It is an epoch in the lives of persons, when they first behold some of the greatest natural sublimities or beauties of the material creation, such as the 'White Mountains,' 'Niagara,' a 'Storm at Sea,' the 'Bay of Naples,' or an 'Italian Sunset;' but there is no landscape or range of hills that can afford so clear a manifestation of the Divine wisdom, goodness, and glory, as is revealed to us through the faces and the works of the eminent men of the world."

Our friend excelled in writing letters. He was in his epistolary correspondence lively, imaginative, humorous; and, when occasion called for it, deep, philosophical, and full of keen insight and wisdom. I will quote from a few of his letters, without regard to chronological order. To a young man just settled and unmarried, who had during one week twenty-five baptisms, he writes: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — After so many christenings, you must feel quite *Pa-rish* like."

To R. B. Swain, Lake Tahoe, June 25, 1863.

"Ever since Eve eat the apple, clothing has been necessary to the human race; and J. C. M. (admirable man!) become an indispensable element in civilization. I wore my best clothes in Nevada, and my extreme hope now is to induce them to hold together till I can get back. But if I address the citizens,

Fourth of July, I must be decently clad. So for a commission for J. C. M. If he has my measure, let him make me at once a coat, vest, and pants; black. I would like to have the coat a *leettle* larger than the former one, which was a little too short in the waist and tightish under the arms. It fitted too well. I hate to have a man give me *fits*. When a secessionist comes in, let M. do his best in that line. If Mr. M. can make the clothes to be ready on the morning of July 4th, and will make them *first-rate*, I will wear a placard during the delivery of the Oration, 'Buy all your clothes of J. C. M., one of the best men on the Pacific coast.' "

To Rev. Dr. Thayer, April 30, 1862.

"Who can tell me, as I write, that the genial and dear friend, whose illness was so unexpectedly reported to me, is now on earth? Ah, if I could but see him once more, and shake hands, before the cord of the tent is cut! or even send a message to his sick-room, — no, to his *well* room, since he bears the call of Providence with such reverence and sweetness. You will, indeed, lose a brother's arm and heart in Tompkins, my dear Thayer. A kindlier eye and presence never graced a pew, or blessed a minister's spirit. And how the charm has been lifted from Cornhill! Doctor Ballou and Tompkins translated! Whittemore and Mussey gone! Ebal and Gerizim both smitten down! I dare not think of the Doctor's absence; and Abel's departure, with his, will make Cornhill a street of sighs, if I ever return."

To Dr. Bellows, Dec. 26, 1859.

"I think I shall send in my resignation next week to the Society here. It will tear my inward cords as nothing in life has yet. But I do think that we are unfaithful in huddling so closely around the cosey stove of civilization in this blessed city; and I am ready to go out into the cold, and see if I am good for any thing."

I should like to see a book published of the letters of our friend. It would form an amazingly interesting volume for all classes of people to read; and it would

prove a valuable acquisition in any library, even if placed beside the correspondence of the best English scholars, over which we hang with so much interest and profit.

I invite your attention now to the Character of Mr. King. The first trait which I would notice is his purity. When in his presence you knew that you were near a good man, and you would not dare to utter any thing low or base. "I never heard him say one thing which I regret," said one who had known him for four years; and during my whole twelve years' acquaintance with him he never uttered a word to me that would soil the most sensitive spirit.

He was truthful. To the base subterfuge of falsehood he never resorted in order to gain his cause; even when the truth told against himself, it came right out unvarnished, as he desired to suffer rather than do wrong.

He was energetic. This was seen in a striking manner in his youth, when his father died, and the support of the family fell into his hands. He did not sit down and brood over his misfortunes; but at once arose, girded himself for the contest, and proved a valiant foe to poverty by keeping up his home and supplying it with comforts; thus he proved himself worthy of all commendation. What but energy could, in his later years, have carried him all over the country, until he became almost a fixture to a railroad car, and the furniture of a lecture-room,—and all that he might still help those he had always helped, and spread abroad his bounty ungrudgingly to all that asked for it? What but energy could have made him such a bosom-companion to the mountains notwithstanding their rough reception; whether they frowned upon him, or scolded him, or pelted him, or attempted to drown or freeze him? What but this power carried him to California, and kept him there a shining and a burning light?

He was independent. He was never afraid of anybody ; and from the pulpit he would utter what he thought was his duty, although all the parishioners seemed disturbed. If he ever passed beyond prudence, it was the fault of a magnanimous spirit and a consecrated heart.

He was charitable. In fact, a great part of the radiant glory of his life rests here. From a boy he was always giving, and the last act of his life was a thoughtful provision for distant ones very dear to his soul. In Boston his door was beset by beggars. One who was his amanuensis informs me that he hardly ever refused anybody, and that he almost always gave in large sums. In California, also, the same generous spirit was shown. Emigrants sought him for aid ; whilst frequently large sums were loaned, which, in many cases, were never seen again. He subscribed liberally to his new church, and he presented the parish with an organ that cost several thousands of dollars. He was a great friend of the Sanitary Commission, so that mainly through his exertions California became the most munificent donor to this great charity, having sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to the East. He gave out of his own pocket large sums for keeping the poor in San Francisco in fuel and groceries ; this was done, too, so quietly that it was not known until after his death. But he was charitable in other ways than by coin. His judgments of men were always most gentle. You could rarely hear him say any thing harsh of anybody. If he could not praise, he usually kept silent ; and he almost always found something to be admired in everybody, of which he might freely speak. It was this liberal spirit that led men to confide in him so unreservedly. Authors brought their books, in manuscript, for him to correct. Poets brought their verses for his oversight. Some of the clergy submitted their sermons for his inspection. He was always judicious in the advice he gave to these seekers, and they

went away from his presence feeling grateful for his suggestions.

He was enthusiastic. He never did any thing by halves ; and he always threw a glow about all that he did ; whether he was preaching, talking, or writing, you could not help exclaiming, *There is a live man!* He was æsthetic in his tastes. Music, painting, sculpture, were his delight. He often spoke of Beethoven, Mozart, Canova, Rubens, and all great artists, in his discourses ; always, too, with a fervor that proved the bent of his tastes.

He was a good theologian, and an excellent linguist. Here I am aware my statement may be questioned. Objectors will say he never went to College ; he never went to a Divinity School ; he never had a fair opportunity for regular study ; his whole life was one condensed hurry. I allow all this ; and yet I would assert that there were few better critical students of the Bible than Mr. King, and few better general scholars. He was not acquainted with the Hebrew language, but he was quite an adept in Greek and Latin. He was also a good French and German scholar. He was thus able not only to become a thorough student of the Septuagint, and of the Greek New Testament, but also of the rich German theology of both schools. I have been told by a student, who fitted for the Cambridge Divinity School under his charge, that his system of teaching was most exact, and his translations not only correct, but beautiful. And certainly in such theological treatises as he has given to print we see the mark of an acute and powerful mind. His answer to the book of Dr. Edward Beecher has been very highly commended by one of the Andover Professors for its power and brilliancy ; and his discussion of the Trinity evinces a pretty thorough sifting of church history. In his method of work he was somewhat irregular, owing to a trouble or depression in his brain, which would, some-

times for weeks, throw him into such a morbid condition as to paralyze his pen. But when well, he would throw off an incredible amount of work in a week: planning several sermons, writing reviews, sending to the post-office whole heaps of letters, and running through with great accuracy the contents of many books.

He was exceedingly witty, and full to overflowing with good-nature. He enjoyed a good joke. In one of the country towns where he was to lecture he was not personally known; and he said to those accompanying him, as he approached the Lyceum, "Now for a little fun; stand one side, and let me pass on." He then went up to the door-keeper and said, "I understand, sir, Mr. King from Boston is to lecture to-night, and I am very desirous to hear him; but I really cannot afford to buy a ticket, and I wish you would let me in free." "I cannot," was the reply; "any other night I would, but there will be a great crowd to-night." Mr. King kept insisting upon going in free, until the door-keeper ordered him roughly to go away. "Very well," he replied, "I will go; but I guess, if you do not conclude to let me in, you will have to go without your lecture to-night." "What," was the astonished reply, "are *you* Mr. King?" Once on riding towards the mountains he had an outside seat, close to the driver. He made himself very agreeable, and kept all on the outside quite happy by his frolicsome spirit. A rain coming up suddenly, he procured a seat inside, when one of those who were left outside said to the driver, "Do you know who that was who just left us?" "No," was the reply: "he is a pleasant boy; some young fellow from Boston, I suppose." "That boy, sir, is Rev. Mr. King, pastor of one of the most respectable churches in Boston, and one of our most distinguished clergymen."

As we have intimated before, he was a great patriot. By his speech of fire, coined out of his blood, he saved

his adopted State from secession, and became one of the country's greatest benefactors.

He was a very attractive man. He won friends from all conditions of life. Distinguished theologians, statesmen, artists, orators, loved to gather round him; so also just as well the poor widow, the struggling student, and all in distress and pain.

Mr. King was not handsome; but when he spoke, his whole countenance lighted up, and you thought him handsome, so wide-awake and so eloquent did he seem. His hair was light, and his complexion fair. He seemed scarcely over eighteen years old. He used to laugh about his youthful appearance. He said when he was a teacher at sixteen, he put on all the dignity he could, so as to seem old; "but," he added, "I look now no older than I did then." Often in the places where he entered the hall to lecture, or the church to preach, he would hear whispers: "What a boy!" "Who is he?" "Can that be Mr. King?" "You must be mistaken, he is too young to be Mr. King." After he went to California, he joined one of the lodges of Free Masons there established, and was, I believe, the Chaplain of one Chapter. What attracted him, particularly so late in life, towards this Association, I cannot tell; but I doubt not he took hold of all its advantages with singular power, making all its symbols doubly valuable after they had passed through the crucible of his splendid imagination. I should have liked to have heard him speak of the "Square," the "Compass," the "Gauge," the great "Eye," that august word "God," the "Temple," the different orders of spiritual "Architecture," the "Hour-Glass," the "Arch;" ay, of all the varied Masonic emblems that embody so much truth and beauty.

As we look at Mr. King as boy, youth, man, or at that time when the man was melting into the saint, — when life and death were struggling for reconciliation, — we are

astonished at the finish of his life. He was the good boy ; obedient, loving, amiable. He was the pure youth ; studious, attractive, social, aspiring, devout. He was the complete man ; of robust thought, and of sterling heart ; and his last act of dying was the coronation of his splendid career.

Let it not be supposed, from what we have said, that we claim for Mr. King perfection. By no means. We claim perfection for no one who tabernacles the flesh. He himself, so singularly modest, would shrink from such unqualified praise as that. But we do assert that he was the most free of any man we ever knew from the common weaknesses of humanity ; and whatever faults he had were well subdued, tutored, disciplined, overcome. But great as was his loss, and sad as were our hearts when we heard that he had departed, we believe that he died in a good time ; at the height of his celebrity ; at his noon-day splendor when no clouds had obstructed his glory ; just when men loved him most, appreciated him most, and were ready to mourn him most. God grant us all an end like that !

The good husband, father, son, brother, preacher, friend, neighbor, orator, patriot, went at the zenith of his splendor, and bathed us all in glory as he ascended. Farewell, farewell to him, but not for ever ; for the day will come when we shall meet again, — meet where there will be no more tears, and no more death.

